

# FLIGHTS AND FANCIES

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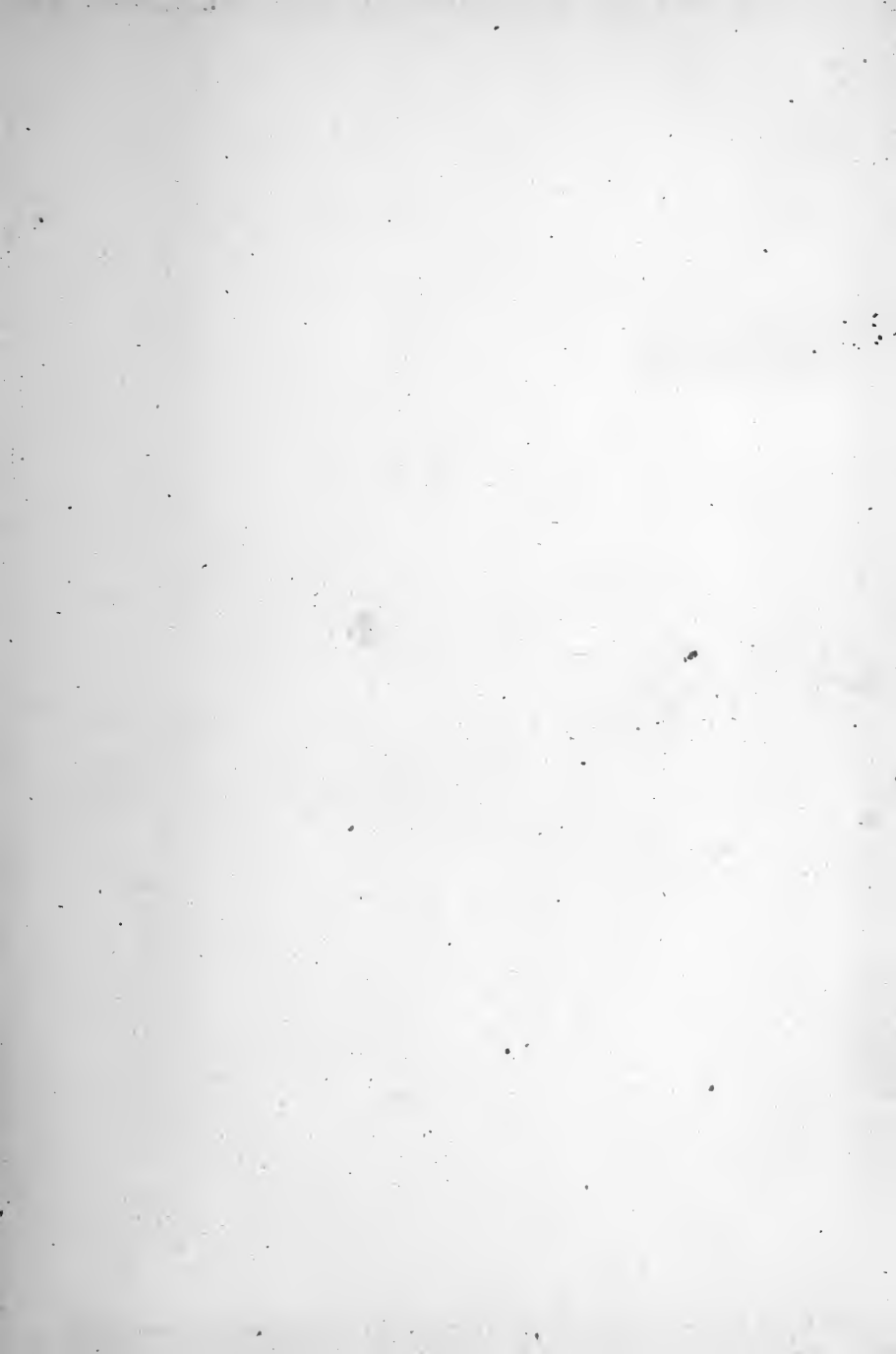
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STUDIES AND ESSAYS

# **FLIGHTS AND FANCIES**

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# FLIGHTS AND FANCIES

BY  
ELIZABETH LOCKHART WICKLIFFE

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KENTUCKY

1909

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## DEDICATION

TO KENTUCKY

I dedicate this volume in honor of the Blue Grass State of the Union, and in loving remembrance of the birth-place of Abraham Lincoln. Not that my eyes first beheld light upon Kentucky's soil, but just across the beautiful Ohio, where the sun "Comes peeping up at morn," beyond the hills of old Indiana's shore.

I greet thee with "Flights and Fancies," as a "Hoosier," dipped and dyed.

ELIZABETH LOCKHART WICKLIFFE.



I tender a welcome to every one  
Who reads these pages, for duty, or fun;  
Victory's the motto encircling the way  
That crowns God's children who are faithful  
today;  
Shuts out the sorrow, dark days may arise,  
And opens our vision to Love in the skies.  
My heart beats with emotion to those, I vow,  
Who turn these leaves, in after years, or now.



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# FLIGHTS AND FANCIES

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## KENTUCKY

Kentucky, dear old Kentucky,  
Where the "Meadow grass is blue,"  
Where the sunlight falls softest  
At morn, on the early dew.

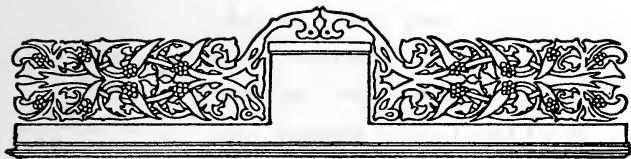
Kentucky, dear old Kentucky,  
Where the "Meadow grass is blue,"  
Where tint of heaven reflects  
At sunset, in rainbow's hue.

Kentucky, dear old Kentucky,  
Where the "Meadow grass is blue,"  
Where waters sparkle brightest,  
And the bead of amber hue.

Kentucky, dear old Kentucky,  
Where the "Meadow Grass is blue,"  
Where prettiest girls are seen,  
And the fastest horses, too.

Kentucky, dear old Kentucky,  
Where the "Meadow Grass is blue,"  
Where Governors die martyrs,  
And politicians are true.

Kentucky, dear old Kentucky,  
Where the "Meadow Grass is blue,"  
Where blood flows through veins of men,  
Most noble, loyal and true!



## I REMEMBER

I remember the downy pillow  
That rested beneath my head,  
When Mother gently tucked the cover  
Around me, at night, in bed.

In fancy I hear the old clock now,  
That ticked those sweet hours away,  
When all the world was fair and bright,  
And I was young, light and gay.

I can hear the papers rattle,  
And the old door's creaky slam,  
Can hear my father calling,  
"Oh Liz, where is your Mam?"

My mother's old side-saddle,  
That I've fallen from to earth,  
Was quilted in fancy stitches,  
Yes quilted, e'en the girth.

And the family horse I rode,  
His name we called "Old Jim,"  
Was a sort of chestnut sorrel,  
And we thought a lot of him.

I can taste the good old candy  
Striped all o'er in white and red,  
Often lain beneath my pillow,  
When I had gone to bed.

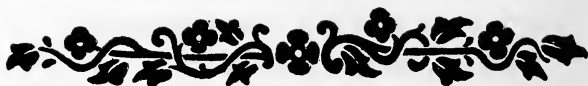
The little churn Father made me,  
From an old quinine jar,  
With its lid cut so roundly,  
And its dasher cut so square.

I can hear the milk pails rattle,  
Mother calling me from bed;  
Can see the little kitten  
That was waiting to be fed.

The clear, cool, cistern water,  
Which I often, often drew,  
Sparkles brighter to me now  
Than the ocean's ocean blue.

In sadness I dream those old days o'er,  
Though, like years, have flown away;  
God will reward His faithful children,  
At the final Judgment Day.





## THE SEASONS

The violets put forth their stem  
To reach the springtime lay ;  
The daffodils reach higher still  
And blossom day by day.  
The raindrops fall, the roses bloom,  
The dogwoods open white,  
And Heavenly stars seem to shine  
In Springtime brighter by night.

Summer holds her power of growth  
Beneath the noon-day's sun,  
And holds the shortest nights for us  
To sleep when work is done ;  
Lends her bright sun-rays beaming down  
To warm up this old earth,  
And lends to every plant and tree  
New growth, new life, new birth.

Fall brings fast her changing colors,  
And yet we can't see how,  
Sends her winds and frost a-buzzing,  
Through every leafy bough;  
Makes the old corn husks rattle loud,  
And mellows all the grain,  
It makes the summer birds fly home,  
To native heath again.

Winter holds a strange, strange sadness,  
That seems akin to death,  
And yet, holds a calm, calm beauty,  
In cold, cold icy breath;  
It robs the forest of verdure,  
And strips the fields of green,  
Except old Kentucky's blue grass,  
Prettiest to be seen.



## WHAT IS LOVE ?

What is love, I'd like to know?  
Strange sensation and inward glow;  
All things old become as new  
When love's story is sung true.

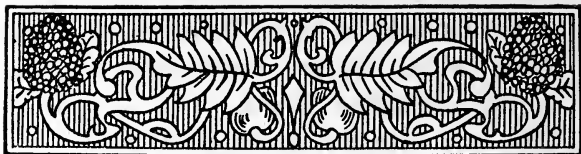
What is death, it hath been said,  
By the living and the dead;  
Hearts beat warm with love today,  
That tomorrow passes 'way.

Love and death, like wind that blows,  
Where it listeth, no one knows;  
Place your trust in God above,  
Who is wise, and who is Love.



Live today, tomorrow not  
Earthly love is soon forgot;  
Heavenly love, pure, I know,  
Shineth like the bright rainbow.





## THE OLD AND THE NEW SOUTHLAND

How dear is the old Southland,  
    The home of Jackson and Lee!  
Who fought the North for secession,  
    Lincoln said could not be.  
God bless the dear old Southland,  
    And memories of thee,  
Who gave up life in battle  
    To set her old states free!  
The Old and the New Southland,  
    Our Confederates in gray,  
Still live in the hearts of the people  
    Of this old Nation today

Home of the fearless and brave,  
 Southland the world doth admit!  
 Deep in our hearts' recollections  
 We can never forget.  
 The war with North the Southland  
 Will mark her pages new,  
 And history will reveal  
 Facts more brilliant and true.  
 The Old, the New Reunion,  
 Our Confederates in gray  
 Will live in the hearts of the children  
 That are unborn today!

When Lee surrendered to Grant  
 His little army of men,  
 When Davis was taken to prison,  
 Oh, think of those times, then!  
 When the South was all broken up  
 By cruel war o'er slaves  
 The blood flowed o'er the Southland,  
 And o'er her new-made graves!  
 The Old, the New Reunion,  
 Our Confederates in gray,  
 Are towering nearer to Heaven,  
 God give them a crown, I pray!



## IN MEMORY OF ED VIVIAN WARDEN

Death, oh death, how sad the hour  
That clothes thy calm array;  
Life, like a blooming flower,  
Withered and met decay.

'Twas on a spring-day morning,  
When life was bright and gay,  
God called Ed Vivian Warden  
From this old earth away.

His form was borne by loving hands,  
Beneath death's cold embrace,  
To a saddened home and lands  
And many a heart and face.

May God comfort the Mother  
Who's left to mourn thy fate,  
And bless the loving brother,  
Whilst thou in Heaven wait.

Thy memory is ever dear,  
Thy grave is ever green,  
Thy image is ever near,  
Thy form on earth's unseen!





## DEAREST GIRL!

Before I saw thee, dearest girl,  
My heart was light and free as air,  
I never dreamed that love would hurl  
His dart, and make such havoc there.

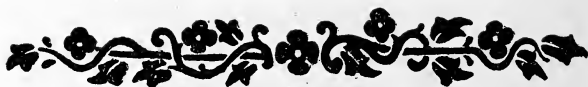
But so it is; thy heavenly eyes,  
Which shine so bright (as though their fire  
Had been extracted from the skies),  
Have won my heart, awaked my lyre.

I've gazed on many a beauty's face  
Whom others praised and thought divine,  
But ne'er could real beauty trace  
Until I found it, love, in thine.

And now, that I, at last, have found  
The being whom I could adore,  
A voice seems in my ear to sound,  
"Thou ne'er shalt behold her more."

And ah, too true, I fear will prove  
This sad foreboding of my brain,  
The only one my heart could move  
Shall ne'er delight my eyes again.

Tomorrow I departest hence,  
And wilt thou think of me as one  
Whose love was pure, and as intense  
As e'er was nursed by beauty's sun.



## ON THE BLUE OHIO'S SHORE

I sat beneath the twilight  
In childhood, where I played,  
And wandered o'er the dreaming  
Of earthly footsteps made;  
Stood beside the portico,  
And climbed the open stair  
That leads to a vacant room  
Where images were fair.  
On the blue Ohio's shore,  
The Willett homestead stands,  
Yes sacred to me through life,  
Alas, in other hands;  
Where the waters gently curve  
'Round Little Horseshoe Bend;  
In Meade County, Kentucky,  
Sweet recollections pend.



The sunlight blinks the waters,  
And Nature is at play,  
The ceaseless tide is ebbing  
Onward, from day to day.  
I strolled beside the waters,  
Where pretty flowers bloom,  
The air, to me, was laden  
With a sweet, mild perfume.  
A sweet voice in the distance  
Said, "The shrubbery you see  
Was planted by your mother  
In eighteen fifty-three."





## WHEN THE DOGWOODS ARE IN BLOOM

When the dogwoods are in bloom  
And the green is clothed in white,  
We list to the song of love  
In the evening's twilight.

When the dogwoods are in bloom  
And all Nature's bright and gay,  
There is music in the air  
In warbling of the jay.

When the dogwoods are in bloom  
In the "Tassel-time of Spring,"  
We hear the plaintive calling  
The "Bob White" seems to sing.

When the dogwoods fade their bloom,  
Mother earth will claim the dust,  
Wherein last day we shall lie  
When our Saviour claimeth us.





## A DREAM

I saw thee in sad dreams, my love,  
Stood beside thy casket, dear;  
Thy form was placed beneath its lid  
And mine eyes were drenched in tear.

Silken draperies around thee hung,  
That were fringed in tinge of gold;  
The clay that fell upon thy grave  
Like thy form, was icy cold.

Angels hovering 'round thee, near,  
All were clothed in white array,  
Bade me pleasure e'en unto death,  
And mine tears were dried away.

They spake the words, "Awaken, now,  
Leave to us this form of clay,  
Earth's no longer a resting place  
For the soul that's passed away."

And taking their flight Heavenward,  
Ascended on wings of love,  
I then awoke to find thee well,  
My own, my darling, my love!





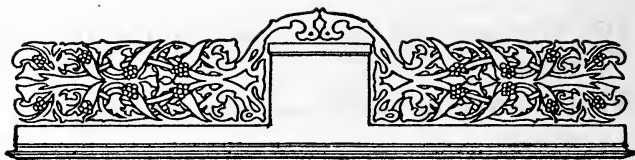
## 'WAY DOWN ON HUMPHREY'S CREEK

Where the cypress bends its knee,  
And the sun is hid from view,  
The wildwood drips at morn  
All wet with early dew.  
The waters and the fish  
Are playing hide-and-seek,  
Where stands an old saw mill  
'Way down on Humphrey's Creek.

The old logs are all worn sleek,  
Close beside the water's edge,  
The briars and the cane  
Together form a hedge.

Fish pole, hook, line and bait,  
The light cork's bubbling trend,  
In Fall, Spring and Summer,  
'Way down by Humphrey's Creek Bend.

The wild rose and the lilies  
Are clustered not far away,  
Mocking birds are singing  
The laborer's cheer at day.  
An old saw mill buzzing  
'Way down on Humphrey's Creek,  
Thus life hath its pleasures,  
For the lowly and the meek.



## THE MOSS-COVERED PLAY HOUSE

The moss-covered play house, I've longed to  
build o'er,  
And to dream the bright dreams of childhood,  
once more;  
Sorrow hath latticed many pleasures from view,  
But the moss-covered play house is fresh and  
new.

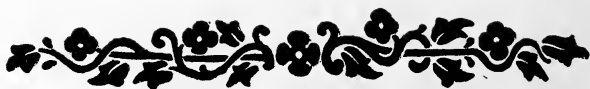
The moss-covered play house built by childish  
hands,  
Its smoke-stack and chimney in memory stands;  
Old grape vines entwining the leaves' tinted hue,  
In fancy the moss-covered play house is new.



The moss-covered play house in the far off  
lands,  
Where, early in childhood, gave out my com-  
mands,  
Played grown-folks and preaching, and funerals, too,  
The moss-covered play house in fancy is new.

The moss-covered play house, near the hillside  
stood,  
A favorite resort for "Last Dog on Wood."  
And the dear old schoolmates in red, white and  
blue,  
The moss-covered play house in fancy is new.

The moss-covered play house, with its pebbled  
floor,  
Gathered by the bright streamlet's wild rush  
and roar,  
When the world, to me, was innocent and true,  
The moss-covered play house in fancy is new.



## AN OLD LETTER

I behold an old letter  
That was scanned with eager eye,  
Long before I was born  
Under heaven's sky.  
Unfold the worn pages,  
That were faded from age,  
To view the dim writing  
Upon its soiled page.

This letter was my mother's,  
And she treasured it for years;  
Whilst now I am reading  
Mine eyes fill with tears.  
Dated in November,  
The month that she was born,  
'Tis from an old sweetheart,  
Lovesick and forlorn.

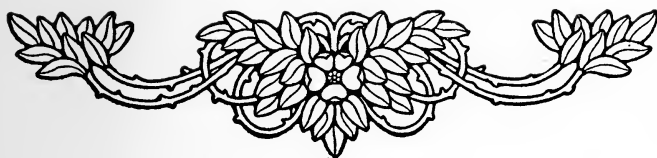
It is my father's writing,  
Plainly, plainly now I see,  
The name he signed to Mamma,  
In after year, to me.  
Yes, I'll keep the letter,  
Until this life doth part,  
Treasured by my Mamma,  
Signed "Your old sweetheart."





# MARY AND ALICE





## MARY AND ALICE

Many a brain is kept in a whirl  
By the suitor of a girl;  
Many a girl is kept in doubt,  
Wondering what it's all about.

Children together all these years,  
Sharing, each, life's childish tears,  
Before they reach sweet sixteen  
Cupid, oft, doth intervene.

Strangely oft doth love appear,  
Later in life, to interfere,  
Years grow on, and love grows strong,  
Yet, it seems a passing song.

Dreaming what the old maid means  
Marries early in her teens;  
Her first love was left to mourn  
Cruel fate that love had borne.

Joy, peace and love crowned her life,  
Till no longer she was wife,  
When God called her husband home  
She was left on earth alone.

Life was dark and days were sad,  
To the heart that once was glad;  
Without an heir to share loss,  
Fortune seemed to be a cross.

Years hath passed, and time hath fled,  
Since the burial of her dead;  
Happiness, forsaken friends,  
The "Enchantment distance lends."

Wand'ring far from home in life,  
Bravely battling earthly strife,  
To a town in northern State,  
Where she meets again her fate.



A letter came, bearing news  
Her first love had been abused,  
Wife had sued him for divorce,  
First love caused sad intercourse.

Just for love and children, dear,  
Oft's been drank life's bitter tear;  
Just for love and long ago,  
Time hath often dealt a blow.

'Though husband to her was good,  
She never quite understood  
Why fortune never smiled then,  
On him, as on other men.

Ambitious for childrens' sake,  
Tantrums, tantrums, oft she'd take,  
Poor, hard-working workingman,  
Does the best in life he can.

"Once my wife, pray thee stay here,  
For our children, who art dear;  
To comfort thee, do my best,  
God, alone, can give me rest."

Thus they lived in quiet way,  
As he toiled from day to day;  
Supplied needs, as she had been  
Wife to him, regardless sin.

Sent a missive one bright day,  
To his old love, far away;  
He'd been dreaming o'er the past,  
And life's pleasures, first and last.

Why she gave her heart and hand  
To another in the land;  
Why her love long, long was sealed,  
Sad mystery was revealed.

Why her parents deemed it wrong  
She had kept the secret long;  
Yet, faithful to all her kin,  
A pure, noble wife had been.

Riches had she by the score,  
Yet, happiness dwelt no more;  
Since her loving husband died,  
For money she had lost all pride.

“Since thou are alone in life,  
Come and be my darling wife;  
My love for thee all these years  
Hath caused both misery and tears.

“ ’Though I loved my noble wife,  
Some strange longing all in life,  
Ambitious for children’s sake,  
Now, I know it was of thee.

“May Heaven grant that no sin  
Rests on me now, nor has been;  
For poor Mary’s rash, rash act,  
Poor, poor woman lost in tact.

“Dream sweet dreams of thee by night,  
Yet, awake in sudden fright;  
What is love, that makes me wild,  
Makes me feel again a child?”

Frantic, frantic, in love’s plight,  
Mounts the train and’s out of sight;  
Reaching city Winnipeg,  
Falls and breaks an arm and leg.

His first love learns his sad fate  
Through the papers of her State;  
Lay unconscious days and days,  
Where the northern sunlight plays.

“Mary, Mary, art thou near?”  
Oft exclaimed, in sudden fear;  
“No, my love, your Mary’s dead,  
’Tis your own Alice, instead.”

“Alice, Alice, is it true,  
Am I dreaming, love, of you?  
Who told thee Mary was dead?  
My, talking out of my head!”

“Thou told me, when first I came,  
Oft callest thou her by name;  
Hush, my dear, and go to sleep,  
Pray thee, pray thee, do not weep.”

“Alice, dear, pray let me talk,  
I feel strong enough to walk,  
Since I know Mary’s alive,  
Father, pray, let me survive!

“Give me, dear, the pen and ink,  
Ere in death I might, might sink;  
Let me ask her pardon now,  
Let it be my earnest vow.”

Poor, poor Mary’s heart was sad,  
As no word from him she’d had,  
She wrote quickly to forgive,  
Praying, praying he might live!

When he read Mary’s letter,  
Alice knew he was better;  
Kissing it, he fell asleep.  
“Well,” she thought, “some secret deep.”

Morning broke, the Doctor came,  
He’d been resting ’bout the same;  
Had no fever, pulse were low,  
Doctor thought him mending slow.

“I feel better, Alice, dear,  
Thy sweet presence gives me cheer;  
Pray come now and sit by me,  
In your eyes that I may see.

“See the old love written there  
In thy sweet face, once so fair;  
With those tender eyes of blue,  
Telling me thy love is true.

“Dreaming, dreaming whilst I slept,  
Heard life’s secret thou hast kept,  
Heard thee pledge thy love, once more,  
As thou didst in days of yore.

“Let your heart again be mine,  
And my love’s forever thine;  
Let my heart again be thine,  
And your love’s forever mine.”

Quietly to lonely bed,  
Parson came, and they were wed;  
Alas, able to go home,  
Kissed his bride and went alone!

Carried picture of his wife,  
Dearer to him than his life;  
When ’twas hung beside his own,  
Poor, poor Mary, she did moan.

“I see, George, that you have swung  
Picture where your first wife’s hung;  
If it’s allowed to stay here,  
It may bring trouble, I fear.”

“Mary, Mary, that’s my wife,  
Who is dearer than my life,  
She will soon be here to stay,  
Leave her picture there, I say.”

“Yes, I’ll give her up the house,  
You may live like cat and mouse;  
When you took another frau,  
Then you broke our marriage vow.”

“God will never punish me,  
You are jealous, now, I see;  
Alice is so kind of heart,  
You will love her from the start.

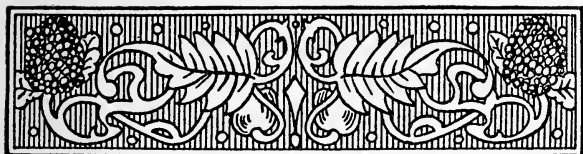
“I told her all thou hadst been,  
Wife and mother, and of kin;  
Thou hadst lived for children’s sake,  
And the garments thou didst make.”

Alice comes, and George is happy,  
All the children cling to Papa;  
Poor, poor Mary, she stays, too,  
And does like the children do.

Alice bought a handsome home,  
And they live as rich as loam,  
In a quiet little town,  
Where "Golden age turns to brown."

Alice gave each child a million,  
And to George she gave one billion;  
Mary shared as child, alike,  
And the picture's hanging tight.



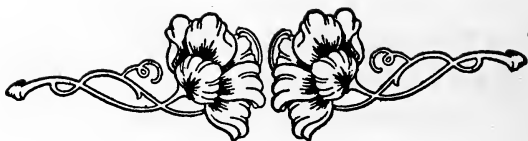


## LIFE

Life awakens to its dreaming,  
Like the morning to the day,  
And may gently, and as quickly,  
As the morning, pass away.

Life is like unto a shadow  
Falling on the briny sea,  
It may reflect sunshine today,  
Tomorrow, in darkness be.

Life is like a bride's fair veiling,  
Falling downward to the feet,  
May bedeck a form of virtue,  
Or a soul that's indiscreet.



## THE PAPER OF TODAY

Talk about your papers  
And this is what they say:  
The old "Courier-Journal"  
Is the paper of today!

Deals plainly with the facts  
And that, I like to see;  
The old "Courier-Journal"  
Is good enough for me!

Give me the "Courier-Journal,"  
The paper of our State,  
In memory of Haldeman,  
A man noble and great!

Give me the "Courier-Journal,"  
With Watterson to write,  
And I defy the nation  
To show me one as bright!

Her politics are sound,  
She advocates the truth;  
Give me the "Courier-Journal,"  
I've loved her from my youth!





## WHERE THE ORCHARD USED TO BLOSSOM

Where the orchard used to blossom  
I've strolled at early morn,  
And heard the gentle calling  
Of the bugle and the horn.

The blue grass and the wild flowers  
Blended beneath my feet,  
The mocking birds from the boughs  
Sang in notes so clear and sweet.

When first I held my sweetheart's hand  
And kissed her rosy cheek,  
Tremblingly plighted love's dream  
In accents soft and meek.

I builded my castles again,  
With only hope in view,  
Outside of God and Heaven,  
To live and die, for you.

I saw thy form in clouds arise,  
Beheld thy beauteous face;  
No artist of earth could paint  
Vision of diviner grace.

Alas, have dreams of thee, sweetheart,  
Like ocean's drifting tide;  
Earth and the stars of heaven  
Are parted far and wide.



## TO ONE I LOVE

Brown-eyed beauty of childhood youth,  
Well hast thou learned bright lessons of truth,  
I've loved thee fondly from whence thou  
    played  
Beneath the beech tree's leafy shade.

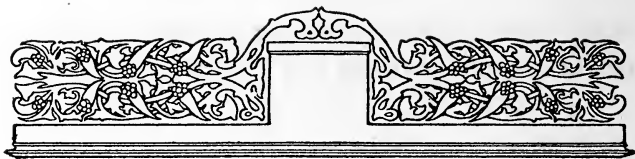
Thy soft brown hair in ringlets hung  
About thy neck, whence oft thou swung  
On the yard gate; I see thee now  
In memory, laughing me bow.

'Twas then thou flattered me in look  
And ofttimes now in word or book;  
Likened to thy innocent youth  
Whispereth what thou thinkest, Truth.

May thy heart ne'er grow sad in years,  
And thy cup ne'er be draught with tears;  
When thou art grown, may I love still  
Mine Sophia T.; grant me thine will!

Honor and virtue crowns thy name  
Like whence to this old world thou came;  
May angels guard thee evermore,  
And safely lead from shore to shore!





## THE OLD CHARM STRING

Counting the buttons on the old Charm String,  
Each a history to the mind doth bring;  
From this one's new coat, or that one's old vest,  
Have never determined which I loved best!

The tangled brown thread that runs through  
the eye

Recalls to memory the days gone by;  
Each button is marked by ancient design,  
Sacred to me, the old Charm String of mine!

Its thread may soon break, from time and from  
care,  
Severing the affection treasured there;



Mine eyes may soon close and return to dust,  
Ere buttons from the old Charm String doth  
rust!

Beneath the glow of Autumn these lines close;  
Lay 'way the old Charm String, which hath no  
woes;

Battle through life beneath the azure sun  
Until at last home in Heaven is won!





## THE BROKEN VOW

Take back the little book-mark  
Which thou bestowedest on me;  
I deem it now a worthless thing  
And give it back to thee.  
I've loved thee deeply, madly loved—  
Ah, it hath been my fate—  
Thou knowest how deep hath been my love,  
And now thou knowest my hate!

Take back, take back thy miniature,  
For when you sent it me  
One sunny Autumn evening  
The birds they sung with glee.

I did not dream thy form contained  
A heart so black, so base,  
Wherein no holy thought and pure  
E'er found a resting place.

I give thee back the picture, too,  
I'd scorn to keep it now;  
I think it but a worthless gift,  
Like to thy broken vow.  
Thinkest thou my heart is like a toy  
That's bought with petry gold,  
And trifled with but for an hour  
And then as lightly sold?

And, lastly, take the little rose,  
'Tis withered, as you see,  
And faded; 'tis an emblem meet  
Of thine inconstancy.  
Thou sent it me one cold, bright morn,  
All wet with early dew;  
Its beauty now hath passed away,  
Thus hath my love for you.

Go, whisper in another's ear  
Thy honeyed vows of love,  
Which from thy perjured lips are heard  
And registered above.

I will not curse thee—no, away,  
And take thy gifts with thee;  
My manly soul can never bow,  
My heart is proud and free!

We part; 'tis well. May Heaven grant  
Thou ne'er mayest cross my path;  
I would not have my spirit moved  
To deeper, deeper wrath.  
Drink deep, drink deep of pleasure's cup,  
Be ever gay as now;  
Yet, conscience, still, will 'mind thee oft  
Of this—thy broken vow.



## SUNDOWN ON THE FARM

It was sundown on the farm,  
When the parting gave me harm,  
The orchard and the graveyard I was near;  
It is there my mother's lain  
And the tears I can't refrain,  
When wandering 'round at sundown on the  
farm.

It was sundown on the farm,  
When all nature seemed to charm  
The scenes where my childhood life was spent;  
It is then I long and sigh  
For the days that have gone by  
When wandering 'round at sundown on the  
farm.

On the grass I gently kneel,  
Silent tears will often steal  
O'er the graves of those I love so dear;  
It is then I long and sigh  
For the days that have gone by,  
When wandering 'round at sundown on the  
farm.

There may be no tears to shed  
O'er their graves when I am dead,  
Just at sundown on the farm;  
And the living may forget  
I'm to sleep beside them yet  
Until there'll be no sundown on the farm.



## GOOD-BYE, MOTHER!

Please don't grieve, dear Mother,  
Tonight I'm going to wed;  
You said 'twould seem to you, dear,  
That your boy was dead.

I love you, Mother, darling,  
And our parting gives me pain;  
But I'll come back, dear Mother—  
Be your boy again.

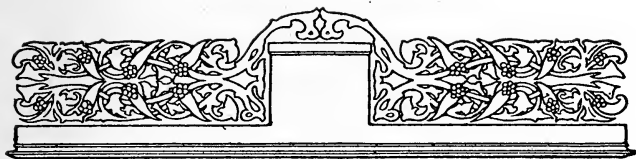
Good-bye, Mother, darling,  
The evening hours now are late,  
And Mary will be waiting  
For me at the gate!

Good-bye, Brother, Sister,  
May this ne'er be your fate,  
To say farewell to Mother  
At the old yard gate!

God bless home and Mother  
As I wander far away;  
I will return, dear Mother,  
Ere your hair turns gray!







DEDICATED TO GRAVES COUNTY,  
KENTUCKY

When a child I lived among you,  
    Played beneath your leafy bower ;  
As a woman stand before you,  
    Dreaming of that happy hour.

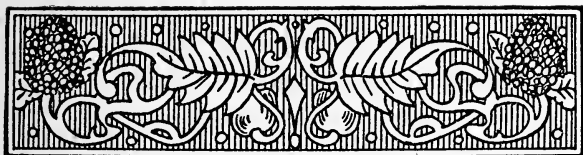
Further on my parents wandered,  
    To Ballard County's wild retreat,  
Near the banks where the Ohio  
    And the Mississippi meet.

But, alas ! they now are sleeping  
    Beneath old Ballard's sacred sod,  
To await the resurrection  
    And the judgment of their God.

Bidding adieu to dear old Graves,  
In memory of past fond years,  
Bringeth to mine heart a sadness  
And mine eyes the falling tears.

God leadeth to home in Heaven  
By walking in the narrow way.  
Sweet will be the resurrection  
To His children judgment day.





## BEAUTIFUL SNOW !

Beautiful snow from heavenward sky,  
Covereth the wheat field, covereth the rye;  
Whiten the house top, whiten the rill,  
Moisten the valley, moisten the hill;  
White, like the soul returneth to God,  
Melting and sinking beneath the sod;  
Surging against rocks, swelling the tide  
Of mountains and rivers far and wide;  
Flowing onward, and onward flow,  
Winter's, Old Winter's pure white snow !

Merrily they with the canines go  
Faster and faster over the snow;

In secluded spot to find the trail  
Of rabbit, fox, or bevy of quail.  
Childhood's laughter and childhood's sweet  
    play  
Recalls to mind life's happiest day.  
The old fur cap and gloves for their hands  
Are worn, perhaps, in the far off lands.  
Onward, onward and onward flow,  
Winter's, Old Winter's pure white snow!

Sweethearts love the sleighbell's soft jingle,  
Horses keep step to music of its tingle;  
Oh, for an artist to paint from view  
The falling snow or the morning dew!  
Sunlight sparkles on the pure white snow,  
As o'er the hills and valleys they go;  
The sweetest season in all the year,  
When the wedding bells are ringing clear!  
Onward, onward, and onward flow,  
Winter's, Old Winter's pure white snow!



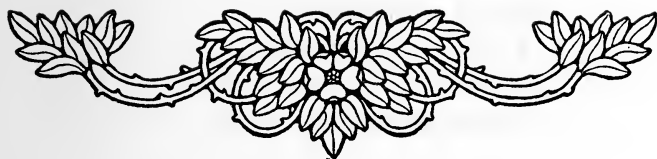
## BAREFOOT DAYS

Barefoot days, barefoot days,  
    Prints of little toes,  
Up and down the cornfield,  
    Up and down the rows.  
Here and there a dust pile,  
    Prints of little feet,  
Now and then a king hill,  
    Very indiscreet.

Barefoot days, barefoot days,  
    Prints of little toes  
A following Papa  
    Everywhere he goes.

Playing in the furrow,  
Prints of little hands;  
Even the old plow horse  
Seems he understands.

Barefoot days, barefoot days,  
Prints of little toes  
Stamp throughout the nation  
'Mid pleasures and woes.  
Many feet adorn the shoe  
And many a shoe the feet;  
Life without barefoot days  
Would be incomplete.



## GOD CHANGED HIM, AFTER ALL

The fire's burning brightly  
And the children gone to bed;  
Wonder if the doors are locked  
And the transoms o'erhead?

Steal beside the window,  
In view of the starry light,  
And listen to the footsteps  
That die upon the night.

Read the Holy Bible  
Some precious old chapters through,  
That bringeth consolation  
And happiness to you.

Kneeling beside your cot,  
Offering prayer to God,  
To keep you and your loved ones  
From wicked life to trod.

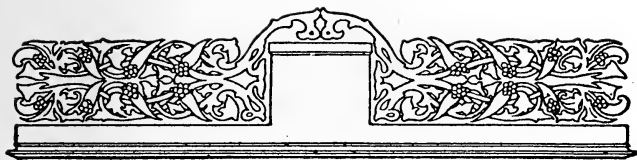
Praise Him for His goodness,  
The kind mercy He hath lent;  
Ask for a happier life  
Than this one to be spent.

The weary hours are now late,  
When your husband comes in home;  
You ask him very kindly  
No more in sin to roam.

And he answers very plainly,  
"It's none of your business, wife,  
If I choose to roam in sin  
The remainder of my life."

Whilst upon bended knee  
God answered pleading call,  
Thus was lived a happier life;  
God changed him, after all.





## SHAKESPEARE

I never lik'd Shakespeare  
And I will tell you why:  
He takes you to heaven  
And drops you from the sky.

He wrote about all things  
In a peculiar way,  
And might have been more careful  
In what he had to say.

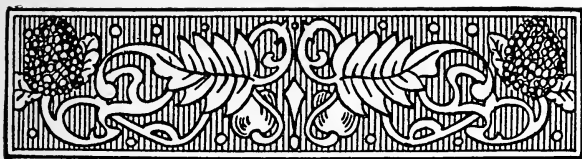
Perhaps I'm saying something  
The world will condemn,  
But I don't like Shakespeare,  
And you should say "Amen"!

His Fallstaff was funny,  
I'm bound to admit;  
But then he just used him  
To display his funny wit.

Venus and Adonis,  
He might have left them out,  
And found something better  
To have written about.

Romeo and Juliet  
Too long hath made me sick;  
He pictured them unnatural  
So close in life to stick.

I don't think he married—  
Perhaps the reason why,  
Someone took *his* Juliet,  
And he was ready to die.



## SOLOMON

Solomon reigned forty years  
When God called him home;  
His works were immortalized  
While upon the throne.

Solomon was wise and good,  
As not many be;  
God loved him, and he obeyed  
His own Majesty.



## GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington, first President,  
Never told a story;  
It's no strange coincident  
He won fame and glory.

When he cut the cherry tree  
Truth was mighty comfort,  
Praise was sung throughout the land;  
George came out triumphant.

Old chips flew 'round the cherry tree  
When George plied the hatchet;  
And he was sorry as could be  
When he could not patch it.

His father praised him for the truth,  
This lovely little child;  
Faithful in childhood and in youth,  
Always gentle and mild.

This story teaches how to live  
The way that we should die;  
Be thou ready to forgive  
And never tell a lie.

The father loveth a truthful child,  
And thou shouldst careful be  
To tell the truth, if harsh or mild,  
And it will profit thee.



## LOVE FOR JESUS

If all the world was mine to give  
I'd give it all to see  
The power of Jesus' love  
Shed abroad to thee!

What is earth compared to Heaven,  
To the rich or the poor?  
God hath promised, if we'll knock,  
He will open the door.

God's love is greater than ours;  
Hence He gave His only Son  
That on Him, if we believe,  
Home in Heaven is won.

Could'st thou but live on this old earth  
    'Till it's consumed by fire,  
'Twould be a moment's happiness  
    Compared to Heaven an hour.

Dark clouds may o'ershadow the sky  
    Beyond is silver lining,  
And they may hide from our view  
    Heaven's stars shining.





## WHEN THE CHICKENS FLY TO ROOST

When the sun is sinking low  
And the chickens fly to roost,  
I hear the familiar sound  
Of an old quacking goose.

The turkey doth wend its way  
To habitude and place;  
The guinea sings "pot-a-rack"  
With harmonious grace.

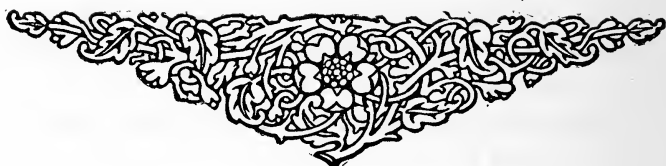
The ducks homeward to their trough  
Make the water bubbles round,  
Tuck their heads under their wings  
Sleep at night on the ground.



The cowbell's distant jingle,  
Far across the fields of snow;  
The little calves with hunger,  
Bleating to mamas go.

Donning an old gray jacket,  
With milk pail I go in hand,  
'Way down to the old stock barn  
For corn, oats, hay and bran.

I hear the horses neighing,  
O, so loudly and so bold,  
To say, "Why don't you feed me,  
Those cows are tough and old?"



## IF I HAD A SWEETHEART

If I had a sweetheart, I'll tell you what I'd do,  
I'd ask her to marry, and marry quickly, too;  
I'd tell her I loved her with all, with all my  
heart—

That if she would marry me, death alone could  
part;

Tell her about the farm that wasn't far away,  
Where, when we got married, some day we'd go  
to stay;

Show her the little farmhouse, built upon the  
hill,

She could see me all the way when I went to  
mill;

Tell her about the chickens, the ducks and the  
geese;

When she saved a feather, it must be white as  
fleece.

I'd show her the shrubbery, where pretty flowers  
grow—

That if she loved roses, might learn to use the  
hoe;

Take her to the smokehouse, and show her all  
the meat

That, when we were married, we'd be compelled  
to eat;

I'd show her all the fences, stake and ridered  
high,

She might see no lover should one, perchance,  
pass by;

Tell her 'bout the children some day might  
come to us,

If they cried at midnight she might get up and  
nurse.

I'd say: "My Darling, to keep you in bread  
and meat

You'll have something to do besides to dress  
and eat."

Then, if she married me, I'd know it was for  
love,

And I could sleep soundly and trust in God  
above.

Lovers, all, take warning from this courtship  
of mine—

Susan and I are married, and getting on fine.



# **SWEETEST GIRL IN THE LAND**





## SWEETEST GIRL IN THE LAND

When the sky was all aglow  
In mystic azure blue,  
And the sunlight was streaming  
In mellow, golden hue;  
In a garden of flowers,  
Where the red roses stand,  
When first I saw dear Mary,  
Sweetest girl in the land!

'Twas near an open window  
In tune to "Ivy Grand,"  
I first heard her voice ringing,  
The sweetest in the land!

'Twas in the evening's twilight,  
When the breeze gently fanned  
The voice to me of Mary,  
Sweetest girl in the land!

At morning and at evening  
I'd see her pass the way;  
Oft have I chanced to meet her  
And this is what she'd say:  
"Oh, I am just a school girl  
And never had a beau;  
As to having a sweetheart,  
My answer, now, is 'No.' "

And I tried all kinds of plans  
That man ever devised;  
I sent boxes of flowers—  
My love was advertised;  
I wrote her pretty letters  
In poetry so fine,  
But when I'd mention marry  
She'd always skip that line.



And at length made up my mind  
To love another girl,  
And wasn't long in thinking  
'Til brain was in a whirl.  
One summer's day I told her  
That life was sad and dark;  
Without someone to love me  
In death I'd soon embark.

She said, "Pray, let me tell thee  
That simply to be wed  
Might bring to thee more sorrow  
Than death would, to be dead;  
I won't, I cannot, love thee,  
And I will tell thee more:  
Why thou hath loved another  
Too long, too long, before."

"Thou hast written to Mary  
And made sacred thy vow;  
And now thou cometh to me  
With same story, somehow.

O, I have read thy letters  
Whence thou declared thy love,  
Sacred by God of Heaven  
And by the stars above."

"Let me tell thee, darling girl,  
I've loved thee long and true;  
And hope, outside of Mary,  
Hath been my love for you.  
If man places on this earth  
Love and affection true,  
And his love is not returned,  
Should his be exiled, too?"

"Mary is just a schoolgirl,  
And yet, I loved her true;  
But she never cared for me  
As I now care for you.  
Knowing this, of course I stopped  
My attentions to her;  
It wasn't more than a month  
'Till thee I didst prefer."

Dear, if thou thinkest because  
I have loved another  
Thou canst never be my wife,  
Let me be a brother.  
Would not have thee marry me  
If thou love another;  
I'll decide to live in life  
Just to be a brother."

"Love's a strange and cruel thing—  
Ah, it hath been to me;  
Love someone who doesn't care  
Snap of finger for thee!  
If all the world was diamond  
And I upon it stood,  
I would place thee up higher  
And give thee all I could!"

"Now I assure thee I will  
Always think of thee kind;  
Should'st thou ever find the rock,  
Remember I am thine.

I did'st not know diamonds grew  
As thou describe they did;  
And if you were on 'the rock,'  
In it let me be hid."

"As years grew on I tarried  
Around this lovely girl;  
She was just as sweet to me  
As anyone in world.  
And oft I sing of Mary  
And am made to rejoice  
To know that she is happy  
And I have got my choice."



## THE SWEETEST HOPE

The darkest day may bring a night  
With heaven's stars gleaming;  
The darkest night may bring a day  
With the sunlight streaming.

The purest gem, the brightest ray,  
When life is first begun;  
The sweetest hope of earthly joy  
When home in Heaven's won!

The deepest stream may softest glide  
From ocean to ocean;  
The smallest brook may spend its tide  
With the loudest motion.

And life may be more perfect bliss  
By some little token,  
And earth may seem a dark abyss  
By some promise broken.

The stars will fall, the earth will burn,  
When time will be no more;  
Oh, how sweet our Savior's promise  
To meet on brighter shore!

While we wait, and while we linger,  
Days are swiftly flying;  
All that seems so bright around us  
Hastens to the dying.

When thou hath passed from earthly life  
Heaven or hell is home;  
Thou can't retract one word or look  
Whilst on this earth did roam.

Let Jesus bear thy burdens now,  
He is willing to save;  
And His love will safely lead thee  
Beyond this earthly grave.

God hath promised and is waiting  
 To cleanse whiter than snow;  
 Thou canst dwell with Him in Heaven,  
 Where ill winds never blow.

Do not let pride and vanity  
 Cause thee lose sight of God;  
 Be thou careful of temptation  
 And wicked life to trod.

“Revelation” describes Heaven,  
 With its splendor and gold;  
 All its beauty and its pleasure  
 God’s children shall behold.



## A KING'S ROMANCE

The Jersey lily faded beneath life's game of  
    chance,  
When Cupid failed to pierce the heart of a  
    King's romance.  
No wonder thou flatterest thyself, others do  
    same;  
England's a grand old country, and hath a  
    world-wide fame.  
Thy kind, good and gentle mother, graced her  
    soil for years,  
Her mem'ry sweetly lingers with millions who  
    shed tears.  
Whilst on the banks of life may thy days in  
    peace be spent,  
When the Father calleth, may love and mercy  
    be lent!



This life is but a shadow between heaven and  
hell,

How long to be suspended no one on earth can  
tell.

A heart and hand is working in the city today  
To clothe unfortunate, and feed the hungry,  
they say.

It is Mary Anderson of whom Kentucky's  
proud,

Whose virtue and honor before Thy Majesty  
vowed.

Ah, well hath been honored her fair and untar-  
nished name—

A type of true womanhood, whence old Ken-  
tucky's fame.



## HORACE GREELEY

When Horace Greeley was a child  
    He read at the age of two,  
And when he was but seven  
    Had read many books through.

For seven miles around his home  
    Borrowed books from those he knew,  
And as day by day he read  
    In knowledge thus he grew.

His father moved to Vermont state  
    When Horace wasn't but ten,  
The first of his profession  
    In journalism was then.

He landed in New York city  
In eighteen forty-one;  
Ten dollars in his pocket  
His clothes in a bundle done.

Yet at first he was unlucky  
And uncertain of success,  
But the old "New York Tribune"  
Forever made redress.

Soon his name was celebrated  
For honor and fame he won,  
By the old "New York Tribune,"  
Of eighteen forty-one.

Thus hath his life been cherished,  
And memory sacredly kept  
In the hearts of the nation,  
Like dust wherein he's slept.

The inscription on his tombstone  
And his long, long mouldered dust,  
Brings the old "New York Tribune"  
Closer and closer to us.

For the help he lent Jeff Davis  
    With heart, with strength and hand,  
Lives forever in the homes  
    Of the old and new Southland.

Could he have been our President,  
    Good will and peace would have reigned,  
The feeling would have hastened  
    We long ago should have gained.

But alas, in seventy and two,  
    U. S. Grant defeated him;  
All broken down by labor,  
    Old age and sorrow killed him.



## THE OLD HOMESTEAD

I can see the dear old homestead  
    With its mortise and its clay;  
Can hear the gentle voices  
    That, like it, have passed away.

The old shade trees are towering  
    That gave me shelter and ease;  
But that was when I was young,  
    And they bended to the breeze.

Ah, seemingly the earth hath grown,  
    Perhaps from foliage dust;  
The lilac's purple blossoms  
    Are changed in fragrance to us.

The sweet-briar that grew by the window,  
No trace of it can I find;  
Oft I've gathered its roses,  
In my mother's hair entwined.

The green wax myrtle that blossomed,  
The trailing roses that grew  
Around the old portico,  
Alas! have faded from view.

Where the orchard used to blossom  
And the bees gathered the dew,  
'Twas there I plucked the flowers  
In springtime, my love, for you.

I gaze once more in the old well;  
It's bright waters bathed me first.  
Long didst it afford me drink,  
Now its memories quench a thirst.

No matter what joy may abound,  
Either if single or wed,  
Memories will ever haunt thee  
In life of the old homestead.



## HEAVENLY HOME

In the valley of death,  
Where clouds arise,  
Opening to view  
The heavenly skies,  
Let angels standing 'round the throne  
Beckon to thee heavenly home.

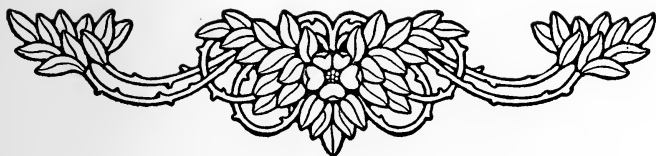
### CHORUS.

Heavenly home, heavenly home,  
Angels beckon, heavenly home!  
Heavenly home, heavenly home,  
Angels beckon, heavenly home,

On the day of judgment  
May angels stand  
Ready to waft thee  
To heavenly land;  
Soul carried to Heaven above—  
To Blessed Redeemer, who is Love!

Let the Glory of God  
Around thee shine!  
And open thy eyes  
To Heaven divine.  
Heaven divine! Heaven divine!  
Open thy eyes to Heaven divine!





## “WITH ORANGE BLOSSOMS IN HER HAIR ”

(The following poem was taken from a bride's vision before her marriage. She was thrown from a coupé and instantly killed while returning from the church to her home. The husband became insane and started in wild pursuit of his lost bride, whose given name was “Lillie.” Finding a snow white flower which overhung a tall precipice, imagining his lost bride had been transformed into flower, reaching out to clasp his lost bride, fell into the mighty waters and was drowned.)

With orange blossoms in her hair,  
The sun ne'er shone on one more fair;  
Bride only a moment ago,  
Dwells in Heaven, from earthy woe;  
Together, seated side by side—  
Seeking Mother, and Home, she died.  
Lifeless form on the cold ground lay  
Fair, young bride on her wedding day.

## CHORUS.

With orange blossoms in her hair,  
A sunny day presaging fair,  
A vision in the sky arose  
Like soldiers robed in angels' clothes;  
Marching to music of the sky,  
Aphorism—she was to die.

With orange blossoms in her hair,  
Lain to rest near the old church there,  
Sacred vows enshrining thy heart,  
Death, alone, could sever or part.  
His hair turned white, his mind had fled,  
He fancied not his Lillie dead;  
King in envious pride had grasped  
The lost prize he longed to have clasped.

Transformed to a snow white flower,  
Reaching out with maddening power  
To clasp the prize he long had sought,  
In mighty waters death was wrought.  
Sleeping beneath the silent tomb,  
'Waiting the resurrection doom,  
O'er two graves lying side by side  
Fair lilies drop at eventide.



## JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Riley began with a little child,  
Teaching lessons gentle and mild;  
Sowing seed for the mind to grasp,  
Holding a nation within his clasp.

The Hoosiers are proud of Riley,  
And I don't blame them one, one bit,  
I was a Hoosier once myself  
And am sort of a Hoosier yet!

When "Marse Henry" was "gwing" off,  
James Whitcomb Riley wrote in rhyme,  
"Our Watterson, our Watterson,"  
Seemed almost at every line.

But when Taylor left Kentucky  
J. Riley never said a word,  
And though he'd been our Governor,  
His life he never, never stirred.

I am a poor, poor weak poet,  
Compared to J. Riley in rhyme,  
Let Taylor come to Kentucky  
And I'll try him, myself, one time.





## SOME CHURCHES!

Have you ever gone to Church  
When the attendants were few,  
And sat up near the preacher  
On the right hand pew?  
Have you heard members giggling,  
Though inquiring who you are,  
If to say, "You might have come  
From some distance afar?"

Minister begins to talk  
In impressive, earnest way,  
You'd not be able to hear  
Half he had to say.

You decide to stay at home  
    Would be better for His cause,  
Than there to try to obey  
    Our loving Father's laws.

So it is in most Churches  
    In this land of ours today;  
Many there be who hear not  
    Half the preachers say.  
Which you think would be the worse,  
    To stay at home all their days  
Or go to Church on Sundays —  
    And not to mend their ways?

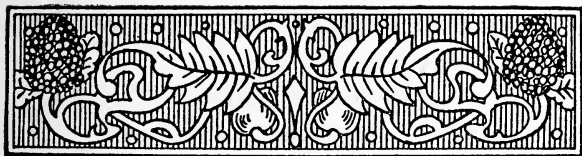
I believe God will punish  
    All the people of this kind,  
Unless He decides they be  
    Of an unsound mind.  
Wear all colors of rainbow,  
    Their hats even seem to match!  
If their names are up Yonder,  
    The Lord will surely scratch.

Contribution box is passed  
    By request, among the crowd.

Your hear "twenty cents" whispered  
In accents too loud.  
The benches are all dusty  
And the blinds are nearly down;  
So it is in most Churches  
Of the country and town.







## GATHERING THE MISTLETOE

Gathering the mistletoe  
From the leafless bower;  
When the berries waxen white  
Gather the mistletoe!

Gathering the mistletoe,  
Gathering the mistletoe!  
Lovers kiss, its nothing 'miss,  
Gather the mistletoe!

Gathering the mistletoe,  
The Christmas days are near;  
Lovers fall out—nothing 'bout  
Gather the mistletoe!

Gathering the mistletoe,  
Days are swiftly flying,  
Boys are sighing, girls crying—  
Gather the mistletoe!

Gathering the mistletoe,  
Bells are sweetly ringing  
The Old Year out, New Year in—  
Gather the mistletoe!





## KITTY AND MOUSIE

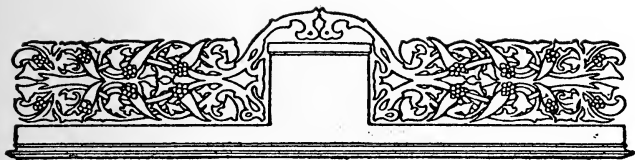
Growing tired of its bed of ease  
The cat raiseth to yawn, to sneeze,  
Grouping its feet upon the floor,  
Tucketh its tail around the four.  
Looking anxiously at the fire,  
As knowledge of it to acquire;  
Now listens, with wonder and awe,  
Where the cricket or mouse doth gnaw!  
Ah, soon its tail begins to wag,  
Look out, mousie, he'll get your tag!  
Lo, it's bouncing high in the air,  
Fun for kitty to treat unfair!

When little mousie's out of sight  
Kitty hath lessened appetite;  
And nothing but the tail remains,  
Kitty hath eaten head and brains!



NANCY PECK





## NANCY PECK

Clothing the rich in satin and silk,  
Starving the poor for bread and milk,  
Flashing the diamonds day and night,  
Robbing the poor of fire and light.

Linsey and lawn and calico  
Adorn true womanhood, I know ;  
Spirning, weaving and working hard,  
Money is mighty, but people get tired.

Many a child hath fallen asleep  
Whilst Mother o'er city didst creep,  
Begging alms for her helpless child,  
From hunger and cold frantic wild.

There is a woman I'll tell you about  
Who lived in fashion once, no doubt;  
And the statement she hath to give  
Shows how humbly that some folks live.

Passing the door of rich estate,  
Coachman in carriage front didst wait;  
A lady dressed in sealskin fur  
Came walking down the aisle passed her.

"Won't you give me a penny, Dear?  
My little child is starving, I fear;  
I have no way to earn my bread,  
O pray, be merciful," she said.

"Dare speak to me and you will fly  
To Police Station, by and by;  
Nasty, dirty, trifling old wench,  
Venture thou with whisky would drench."

"Drive me, coachman, to Astor place,  
And dare not look me in the face;  
When carriage stops, just turn your head,  
Or you'll be shot, and shot 'till dead.



“I’m going there to meet a friend  
With title and with wealth to lend;  
Going to leave a handsome home  
And with a handsome fortune roam.

“Now promise me one little task  
And you may guess just what I ask;  
Should you meet that beggar again,  
Please try to kill her, if you can.

“She goes around and begs all day  
And this is what she hath to say:  
‘Won’t you give me a penny, Dear,  
My little child is starving, I fear.’ ”

The coachman meets her going back,  
Takes her beside him in the hack,  
And when he asked her if she’d ride,  
He turned his face from her to hide.

“Poor woman, I will treat thee right,  
Thou hath a fortune far more bright  
Than Mistress gone to Paris, France;  
Though thou may’st not know it, perchance.”

He drove around to lowly hut,  
Saying to himself, "Tut, tut, tut,  
I'll go in and see what she's got;  
In middle of floor a corpse sure sot."

"Oh God, is this my darling child,  
Stiffly frozen in death's cold wild."  
No food, no drink, no hand to care  
But God's. was plainly written there.

The coachman placed them in the hack  
And slowly drove from lonely shack;  
Corpse to undertaker he sent  
And money for a casket he spent;

He took the woman to boarding in—  
'Twas there she met some noble kin.  
Crossing waters of mighty deep,  
Her husband fell in death's cold sleep.

The coachman came around next day  
And offered board for her to pay;  
The landlord said, "Thou hath been good,  
Doing for the poor what thou could."

“Give thee twenty shillings per day,  
When thou are old I’ll double pay;  
Accept them for trouble of thine,  
The lady is a cousin of mine.

“The little child you found, who died,  
Shall soon sleep by my first wife’s side,  
And God will bless thee for thy deed,  
Regardless sect, color, or creed.

“I thank thee Coachman, from my heart,  
May home in Heaven be thy part,  
Wherein some day I hope to meet  
Loved ones forever there to greet.”

Resting on that beautiful morn  
Sweet dreams were floating ’round the form;  
“Bring ’round thy hack at half-past three  
And take me to the cemet’ry.”

A foreign minister in town  
Takes the funeral notice down;  
He sailed across the Ocean far  
And sailed on the “America.”

His wife, perchance, found note one day  
And this is what she had to say:  
“Oh God, is this my sister, dear,  
Whom I haven’t seen for many a year?

“Frank will leave me, no doubt he will,  
If he thinks I’m of low distill;  
It cannot be that this is she  
Whose name across hath followed me.

“Never knew what became of her,  
She married man of low rever;  
They had one child, a little boy,  
Who was to them all life and joy.

“Oh yes, they had a little girl,  
With rosy cheeks and hair with curl,  
Whose name was Nancy, it was said—  
Could it be, now, that she is dead?”

Her husband said, real candidly,  
“Child’s mother is your sister, see?  
Her eyes are dark, her hands are small,  
And she, like thee, is very tall.”

“I’ll write to her, and ask her why  
She lives alone in this world’s cry;  
I’ll ask her here, to live with me,  
And let my life an incense be.”

Here is the answer she replied:  
“That since my loving husband died  
I’ve begged for pittance, rich or poor,  
And have been turned from your own door.

“I called one morn at thy old home,  
A carriage waited if to roam;  
The coachman sat in broadcloth sleek,  
Seemingly waiting message meek.

“As thou came out of marble hall  
I glanced upon thy beaut’ous wall  
And met thee in the narrow way  
That leads up to thy window bay.

“I asked thee for a penny, dear,  
Mine eyes were wet with briny tear;  
Thou said to me, Oh, cruel words!  
My life, to thee, was simply scourge.

“The coachman sat with head erect,  
Your message seemed he to eject,  
When off he drove with hurried pace—  
The last I saw thee face to face.

“I roamed about that sad, cold day,  
Received few pennies for my pay;  
When I returned to lonely bed  
I found my only child was dead.

“The fire was out, the coals were warm,  
The wind was raging wild with storm;  
My little child had crawled near grate,  
And cold in death was her sad fate.

“Your humble coachman bade me ride  
And placed the corpse at his left side;  
Drove up and down the noisy street—  
My clothing wet from head to feet.

“Opposite the funeral place  
There lived my cousin, Nellie Grace;  
The coachman said, ‘You can stay here,  
I know these people to be dear.’

“When I walked in they said to me,  
‘Is this my cousin, Nancy Lee?’  
They clasped their hands about my neck  
And cried, ‘My poor, poor Nancy Peck!’

“I thank thee, sister, kindness took  
A sparkle from the muddiest brook;  
The vilest souls atone from sin,  
Whiter than any snow hath been.

“I have a home with Nellie Grace,  
Who always knows me face to face;  
When first your coachman brought me here  
She tried to wipe away my tear.

“God rules in mysterious way  
And works His wonders day by day;  
His children may be lowly clad  
For brighter life yet to be had.”



## NAPOLEON THE GREAT

That Napoleon was great  
Hath never been denied,  
But to say that he was good  
Should never be applied.  
He might have lived to conquer  
Had he not forsaken wife,  
And lived the more happily  
The latter days of life.  
Josephine was noble,  
Despite his wicked way,  
And her life is more admired  
Than Bonaparte's today.





## A CHILD'S QUERY

“Is Santa Claus good, or bad, which,  
Forgets the poor remembers rich?  
Does God see Santa pass the door  
To feed the rich and starve the poor?”

“Will he be punished when he dies?  
Will he be sent to where fire flies?”  
“Yes, my child, God will punish those  
Old hypocrites, robed in sheep’s clothes.

“In a lake of fire and brimstone  
They’ll pray for rocks to fall, millstone;  
Be thou faithful, for God is love,  
And will lead thee to Home above.

“In Heaven where friends never part,  
Joy forever dwell in thy heart;  
Thou can’st not always live on earth;  
Blessed our loving Savior’s birth!

“Our Savior died upon the cross  
To protect us from Eden’s loss;  
We are commanded, day by day,  
To teach our loving Savior’s way.

“God saves from everlasting hell,  
In Heaven forever to dwell;  
And when life breaks from this old earth,  
Let fly to God who gave it birth.

“Passing the Great Beyond that day,  
May angels guide thee on the way!  
Oh, cruel world, for thee I pray,  
Prepare to meet the Judgment Day!

“When time’s no more an angel’s hand  
Will sound the trumpet from that land;  
Every tongue will confess to God  
The wickedness on earth that’s trod.”



## THE YOUNG BEAU

I know I'm not good looking,  
Can tell that by the glass,  
But think that my beauty,  
At least, ought to pass.

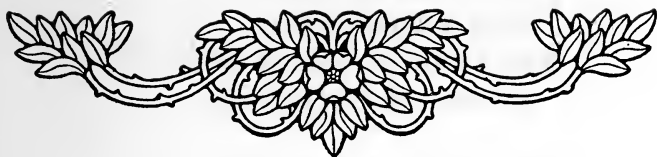
I buy fancy candies,  
And everything that's nice,  
For the girls once a week,  
And sometimes twice.

I take them to parties  
Whenever they go;  
But when it comes to marry,  
Then I've got no show.

I bought me an auto  
With a double seat;  
Now I have to ride in front  
Because of my big feet.

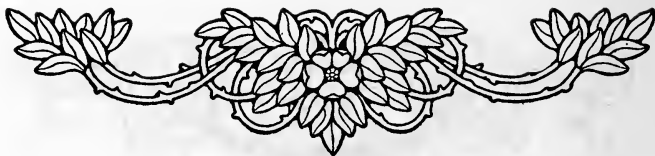
The girls that I go with  
Dress in broadcloth fine,  
But when I mention marry,  
Well, they haven't got time!





## HOW SWEET THE NAME!

Mother, Mother, how sweet the name  
Falls from mortal lips the same;  
No human tongue hath power well  
The echoing music this doth tell.  
'Tis first to lisp from childish tongue;  
Throughout the land and years 'tis sung;  
First to help to soothe our pain  
And to kiss it well again.



## WHEN I DIE

Let Jesus bear the way to Heaven when I die  
And my soul be wafted to music of the sky;  
And all my life be blotted from this earthly sin,  
The pearly gate be opened to enter therein;  
Play golden stranded harp and dwell with God  
    above,  
And sing His praise forever for redeeming  
    love;  
Wear a crown of glory on my immortal brow,  
All eternity be spent praising God somehow;  
Mine ears be made to listen, mine heart to  
    receive  
And abide the lesson on Jesus to believe.



## OLD KENTUCKY

Give me Old Kentucky,  
I'm homesick and forlorn;  
Give me Old Kentucky,  
The State where I was born!

Give me Old Kentucky,  
The State I love so well;  
Give me Old Kentucky,  
The place I long to dwell.

Give me Old Kentucky,  
The place I left my heart;  
Give me Old Kentucky,  
Never again to part.

Give me Old Kentucky,  
My old home, far away;  
Give me Old Kentucky,  
The home of Henry Clay.

Give me Old Kentucky,  
Where roses bloom in May;  
Give me Old Kentucky,  
Where birds are singing gay.

Give me Old Kentucky,  
When I am called to die;  
Give me Old Kentucky,  
Beneath her sod to lie.





## ASK YOURSELF THE QUESTION

Will you be missed when you die?  
Ask yourself the question;  
No doubt the answer will be  
One of great perplexion.

Have you put your trust in God?  
Ask yourself the question;  
And if the answer is "No,"  
Heed now this suggestion.

What hath been your example?  
Ask yourself the question;  
If the answer isn't good,  
Make ye this confession.

And what will be your reward?

Ask yourself the question;  
For God will be just to all  
On the Resurrection.

And have you been converted?

Ask yourself the question;  
Now if the answer is "yes,"  
Make good this impression.



I seek to know this volume's doom,  
And trust the world will give it room;  
All books are what some authors make—  
Await thy judgment, for my sake.

'Tis not a dream of rhyme or beauty  
This work doth trend,  
But a sense of love and duty,  
These writings end.  
Guided thus, may thy pathway  
Open to view  
A light pure as Heaven  
And as fresh as dew!

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